

Litchfield Enquirer:

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
BY C. ADAMS.

TERMS. To village and single mail subscribers, two dollars per year, payable before the expiration of six months.
To companies of any number over six, \$1.50 per year, payable as above. To companies less than six, \$1.75 per year, payable as above. 25 cents will be deducted from each of these prices when payment is made in advance. These prices are exclusive of mail or stage charge for transportation.
No papers will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the discretion of the editor.
Notice of a wish to discontinue must be given before the expiration of a year.
Advertisements. One square, three insertions, \$1. and the same proportion for one or more squares. Half a square, 75 cts. Continuance over three weeks 20 per cent per week. A liberal deduction made for advertisements continued for 12 months.
A. Administrators' and Executors' Notices, \$1.00
Commissioners' Notices, 1 25
All communications must be post-paid.

L. B. SPRAGUE,

**Attorney and Counsellor
At Law:**

HAVING opened an Office for the practice of his profession, in the GALVIN BUILDING, two doors South of Beckwith & Seymour's store, in South-street, respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage.
Litchfield, Oct. 12, 1842.

DENTISTRY.**R. B. JERRILLIN,**

At his Office, upstairs, two doors South of Beckwith & Seymour's Store, will be in constant attendance to wait on those who may wish Dentistry in any of its various branches, in the latest and most improved style. Particular attention paid to Extracting Teeth.
Litchfield, Oct. 12, 1842.

MITCHELL'S MAP

United States of N. America,
TOGETHER WITH MAPS OF THE VICINITY OF 32 of the principal cities and towns in the Union; also giving the population of each county, and of the different States, Territories, and principal Cities.
A. P. P. CAMP, Agent for the town of Litchfield.
Price \$2.

**CHINA, GLASS, AND
EARTHEN WARE.**

The subscriber, having purchased the stock of Crockery, Glass Ware, &c., at No. 62 State St., will continue the business as successor to SAM'L G. BOUGHTON, taking date March 1st, 1843. The patronage of former customers of the establishment, and that of purchasers generally, is respectfully solicited.
JOHN S. GRAY.
Hartford, March 18, 1843.

To All whom it may Concern.
THE subscriber will pay no debts contracted in his name by any member of his family, or any other person, without a written order, after this date.
SOLOMON S. MASE.
Litchfield, March 20, 1843.

WATER-TOWN. Court of Probate for the district of Water-town, hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof, for the creditors to the estate of Bethel Chauncey Garney, late of Water-town, deceased, to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time will be deemed a recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to JOSEPH GARNEY, Executors.
43rd St. LONDON GARNEY, {
Water-town, March 18th, 1843.

District of Litchfield, ss.
Probate Court, March 16, 1843.
ESTATE OF ADONIRAM CARTER, late of Warren, in said district, deceased.
The Court of Probate for the district of Litchfield, hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof, for the creditors of said estate, represented insolvent, in which to exhibit their claims thereto; and has appointed, Geo. P. Tallmadge, and Geo. Starr, Esquires, of s'd Warren, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust s'd claims. Certified by ELISHA S. ABERNETHY, Judge.
The subscribers give notice that they shall meet at the dwelling house of George Starr, in said Warren, on the 15th day of April and on the 16th day of Sept., 1843, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on each of said days, for the purpose of attending on the business of said appointment.
Geo. P. TALLMADGE, {
Geo. STARR, { Commissioners.
All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
43 HOMER S. CARTER, Administrator.

District of Water-town, ss.
Probate Court, March 17, 1843.
UPON the petition of Ard W. Warner of Plymouth in Litchfield county, shewing to this court that he is the guardian of Norman B. Buell, Lyman W. Buell, William A. Buell, Apollon W. Buell and Charles H. Buell, minors of said district—that said minors are the owners of real estate situated in Water-town, in said district—viz:—one piece of land situated about eighty rods northerly from the meeting house in s'd town, containing about two acres, more or less, with a dwelling-house and out houses on the same, bounded north on Elam Boardlee's land, east on Shatt's turnpike road, south and west on John Morris's land, which estate came to the said minors by descent from their father, Augustus O. Buell, late of s'd Water-town deceased, and is subject to dower, and likewise to a claim of the administrators of s'd deceased, of three hundred and twenty-five dollars, and is owned by the said minors in equal portions, in common and undivided, and the whole interest of s'd minors in s'd estate, is of about the value of one thousand dollars—that s'd estate is unproductive to s'd minors, and that it will be for their benefit to sell the same and invest the avails according to law,—and praying for liberty to sell s'd estate, as per petition on file: It is ordered by this court, that s'd Guardian give notice, of s'd application, by causing the same to be published in a newspaper printed in Litchfield in Litchfield county, three weeks successively, at least six weeks before the hearing, and that s'd petition will be heard at the Probate Office in said Water-town, on the 20th day of May next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.
A true copy of Record.
Attest, HOLLOMAN CURTIS, Judge.

MOP HANDLERS For Sale by
D. H. HARRIS.

From Miss Leslie's Magazine for March.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Good morning, Mrs. Hinton,' said Martha Green, lifting her head, as a visitor entered the room in which she sat, busily engaged in sewing. 'You see that I am full of work.'
So you seem to be,' was the quiet reply.
'But I suppose you can spare to-night, for a work of mercy?'
'How a work of mercy, Mrs. Hinton?'
'Poor old Mrs. Bender is very ill—so ill that she cannot be left alone any length of time. I have been up with her two nights in succession, and am now looking for one or two young ladies who will take charge of her to-night. Can I depend on you?'
'Not to-night, Mrs. Hinton. It would be impossible! It will take me till twelve to-night, and the most part of to-morrow, to finish this dress, which I must wear at Mrs. Corrie's party to-morrow evening. Any other time I would go with pleasure.'

'I am really sorry for that. I have been to two or three this morning, and all have declined on account of this party.'
'Hannah Ball can go as readily as not, Mrs. Hinton. She had her new dress made at the mantuamaker's.'
'I have seen Hannah.'
'Does she decline?'
'Yes.'

'That's very strange. What reason does she give?'
'She says, that if she were to sit up to-night, it would ruin her appearance to-morrow evening. That it would make her look dreadful.'

'There is something in that you know yourself, Mrs. Hinton. Loss of rest has the same effect upon me. I don't look fit to be seen for two or three days after losing a night's sleep.'

'Yes, I know that sitting up does not improve the looks much,' Mrs. Hinton gravely remarked; and then, after pausing a few moments, got up, and said, as she moved towards the door—
'Well, I must bid you good morning, Martha, time is passing, and I must find some one who will relieve me, or I shall get sick myself.'

'I do hope you will,' Martha said, in a tone of concern. 'Were I not situated just as I am, I should go with pleasure.'

And then the visitor went away. After her departure, Martha Green sat thoughtfully for some minutes. She did not feel altogether satisfied with herself, and yet, on reflection, she could not see any cause for self-condemnation. Sincerely did she pity the condition of poor old Mrs. Bender, who was nearly seventy years of age, sick, and without any one in the world up to whom she could look and claim, from consanguinity, a single kind office.

'But it was impossible for her to go, she reasoned, in the effort to quiet her uneasy feelings, under the circumstances—utterly impossible.'

Still she sat thoughtful, without resuming her needle. At length she aroused herself with the half audible remark—
'Somebody will go of course—and that settled the matter.'

It was perhaps, an hour after, that a young friend, and confident, dropped in to sit an hour with Martha. The conversation run, of course, on the party to be held at Mrs. Corrie's on the next evening.

'You will look beautiful, in this dress,' the friend remarked, lifting a portion of the garment upon which Martha was at work in her hand. 'It suits your complexion admirably; besides being of a rich material, and attractive, yet appropriate and not too gaudy in color.'

'I am glad you think so,' Martha replied with a smile of satisfaction. 'I don't believe there will be anything half so elegant at the party.'

'There will at least be one dress there that will fully equal it,' the visitor said.
'Are you sure?' in a tone of disappointment.

'Yes. As I came along this morning, on my way here, I dropped in a moment to see Ellen Willard, and found her at work as you are, upon her own dress. She has certainly selected it with exquisite taste. Much as I admired yours, I really think that I should prefer the one she has chosen. She will attract much attention of course, for you know that she is a girl of a great deal of taste, and knows how to dress to the very best advantage.'

This intelligence had the effect to change naturally the tone of Martha's feelings. As far as was in her power, she concealed this change from her friend, but after she had left, her countenance expressed much concern. The reason was this. A young man named Alton, had paid her a good many attentions, in the last few months, and of such a marked kind, that she had suffered her affections to become a good deal interested. The extent of this interest had not been apparent to herself, until within a week or two, during which time, she thought she perceived a slight change in his manner towards her, united with, on two or three occasions, a perceptible preference of the company of Ellen Willard. One reason for her being unusually desirous of making, if possible, the very best appearance at the party of Mrs. Corrie, was to fix again the wavering regard of Mr. Alton. To learn, then, that Ellen was likely to equal, if not to eclipse her, was no very pleasant information, and it troubled her in spite of every effort to rally her feelings.

Time passed, and the evening came for the anticipated company. Martha was there early, dressed with the most scrupulous regard to effect, yet tastefully, in every respect. Alton came in perhaps half an hour after. The maiden's heart bounded as she saw him enter, while the soft tint of her cheek, delicate as the rose blossom, deepened its hue. The eye of the young man glanced around the brilliantly lighted room, evidently in search of some one, and then he seated himself alone, as if disappointed, and again slowly surveyed the company. Of course he did not fail to notice Martha Green. In a little while others made their appearance, and soon he found himself by the side of one of his most intimate friends.

'Did you ever see Martha Green look so beautiful?' he said to this young man.
'Where is she? Oh, yes—I see. Really, she is a superb looking woman.'

'Isn't she? But there is one whom I expect here to-night, that if I am not mistaken, will eclipse her.'

'Who is she?'
'Ellen Willard.'

yield the palm at once to Miss Green. Really, I never saw Ellen look so indifferent in all my life.'

Alton turned his eyes towards the door, and sure enough there was Ellen, plainly dressed, though neat, and her face wearing an expression of weariness. It was a moment or two before he spoke, and then he said, in a tone of disappointment,
'As you say, I never saw her look so indifferent in my life. Still she is a sweet girl, even though eclipsed to-night, in every way, by Martha Green.'

'They certainly will not bear a comparison,' responded the friend.
Martha Green, who was sitting beside the friend and confidant mentioned as having called on her the day before, had been glancing uneasily towards the door, every time it opened to admit some new comer, and was among the first to perceive Ellen.

'O dear! If that's all, no one here need fear being thrown into the shade to-night,' was her exulting remark. 'Why I thought you told me that she was at work on a dress even more beautiful than mine?'

'So she was,' replied her friend. 'And I cannot for my life tell why she has not worn it.'

'She could not get it done, I suppose.'

'Perhaps not. There was a good deal to do on it when I saw her. Indeed, she has just commenced working on it.'

'Do you know that I am right down glad of it?' Martha said.

'No—why?'
'Because, if she had come out in her very best style this evening, I am very much afraid Mr. Alton would have been too much pleased with her.'

'Indeed! I thought he was paying almost exclusive attention to you.'

'So I have flattered myself until within the last week or two, when he has seemed to grow a little more attentive to Ellen, than is agreeable to me.'

'You have nothing to fear to-night, Martha, just see! She has that old dress worn by her at the last half dozen parties. And instead of her usual brilliant complexion, her skin looks sallow, and her cheeks pale; and her whole face has a dull, lifeless expression. What on earth can be the matter? Something has happened, no doubt, to prevent her getting that dress done, which has worried her so much as to spoil her very face. And see, with what a look Mr. Alton is now regarding her!'

'Yes, I see; and what is more, I see that I am safe.'

In a few minutes after, Alton took a seat beside Martha, cured, as he thought, of the evident preference which had recently existed in his mind for Ellen Willard, over her anxious rival. This preference had not been so distinct as to have been founded upon any serious comparison made in his mind between the intrinsic claims to estimation, which the two young ladies presented. It was rather a leaning towards Ellen, without reflection upon the reason why she seemed more interesting to him than Martha. Of course, it required but a trifle to change that state of mind. He now renewed his attentions to Martha Green, with even more than his former assiduity, to the entire neglect of Ellen Willard, who retired at a very early hour.

Towards the close of the evening he sat near Mrs. Hinton, who was present, and two or three ladies who were conversing. The name of Ellen, mentioned by one of them, attracted his attention.

'Ellen did not look like herself, to-night,' was remarked by one.

'No,' said another, 'I never saw her make a more indifferent appearance. And she was besides very dull, while she remained, and has left the room at an unusually early hour. What can be the matter with her?'

'She is not very well,' Mrs. Hinton said.
'But even that does not account for the want of taste and effect in her dress, two things that are always regarded by her.'

'I think that I can explain it all,' replied Mrs. Hinton, smiling.

Alton listened attentively to what followed, although it was not intended for his ears. He sat near enough to hear all that was said without making any effort so to do—and he was too much interested to get up, and move to another part of the room.

'Well, what is the reason?' asked two or three of the ladies.

'It is a very plain case,' resumed Mrs. Hinton. 'Most of you know old Mrs. Bender. On calling in to see her a few days ago, I found her very ill, and in need of nourishment and attention. She is very old, and lives entirely by herself. In the condition that I found her, it would have been cruel to have left her alone for any length of time. For two nights I remained with her myself, not wishing to trouble any body else, and being in the hope every day that she would get much better. Yesterday I found myself so much fatigued from loss of rest, that I was compelled to seek for some one who would relieve me; accordingly I called upon several young ladies, and asked their assistance. But some like Martha Green, had their hands so full in making up dresses for this evening, that they could not possibly sit up—while others were afraid that the loss of a night's rest would entirely unfit them to enjoy this pleasant company. Any other time, one and all would have come forward cheerfully for the sake of old Mrs. Bender. With a feeling of discouragement, I called in to see Ellen, and found her busily engaged on one of the sweetest dresses I have ever seen. It was to be worn this evening.'

'Busy, too,' I remarked as I sat down by her side, with a feeling that my search for a sitter up would prove fruitless.

'I am busy, Mrs. Hinton,' was her reply, 'but not so busy, I hope, but what I can oblige you.'

Instinctively, it seems, had she perceived, from my tone of voice, that I had a request to make, which her heart prompted her at once to grant, if in her power.

'I am rather afraid, Ellen, that you are too much engaged for what I wish you to do.—This beautiful dress is for to-morrow evening, I suppose?'

'Yes.'

'And is just commenced, I see.'

'Yes.'

'And of course, will keep you busy to-morrow.'

'I shall not, certainly, have much time to spare,' was the reply. 'But what is it that you wish me to do?'

'I did wish you to sit up with old Mrs. Bender, who is very ill.'

'To-night?'

'Yes. I have been to six or seven young

for two successive nights myself, and feel quite worn out.'

'Is Mrs. Bender very ill?' she inquired, in a voice of sympathy and concern.

'For a few moments Ellen sat thoughtful and then said, with a cheerful smile,
'I will go over to-night and sit up with her.'

'But you cannot finish this dress, and do so,' I said.

'I know that, Mrs. Hinton. But Mrs. Bender needs my kind attentions a great deal more than I need this dress, much as I have desired to appear in it to-morrow evening, and much as I need a genteel dress for such an occasion. But I had rather go with a calm consciousness of having done my duty, than, without it, to appear in the attire of a queen.'

The dear girl spoke with an earnestness that made her cheek glow and her eye brighten. I thought that I had never seen her face wear so lovely an expression. True to her resolution, she went over to Mrs. Bender's, and remained with her all night. Her dress, could not, of course, be finished, and that was not all. An attack of sick headache was the consequence, the effects of which, upon her appearance, you all observed to-night.'

'Amiable girl!' murmured Alton to himself as Mrs. Hinton ceased speaking. 'How far more beautiful is a truly good, self-sacrificing action, than all the exterior graces that art can put on.'

As he said this, he looked up, and his eye fell on the bells of the evening, Martha Green. But, like magic, faded all her exterior loveliness as he compared it with the moral beauty of the other. He sought not her side again, and left the company, as soon as he could do so with propriety.

The next evening found him at the dwelling of Ellen, in whose very look and tone, he now perceived a new attraction, and in every movement a new grace. He soon yielded his heart to the power of virtues unperceived and unfeared before; virtues whose bloom and fragrance time nor chance can steal away.

LYING TO CHILDREN.—We believe that one reason why the world is so given to lying is, that parents, in the management of their offspring, pay so little regard to the strict truth. The extract which follows, may be read with profit by not a few:

'Many persons who have a great abhorrence of lying, and whip their children if they detect them in it, yet make no scruple of telling and acting to them the most atrocious falsehoods. There are few parents who do not do this in a greater or less degree, though doubtless without dreaming they are guilty of criminal deception.'

With many, the whole business of managing their children is a piece of mere artifice and trick. They are cheated in their amusements, cheated in their food, cheated in their dress. Lies are told them to get them to do any thing which is disagreeable. If a child is to take physic, the mother tells him she has something good for him to drink; if he refuses, she says she will send for the doctor to cut off his ears or pull his teeth, or that she will go away and leave him, and a thousand things of the same kind, each of which may deceive once, and answer the present purpose, but will invariably fail afterwards.

Parents are too apt to endeavor to pacify their children by making promises they never intended to perform. Such promises should be scrupulously redeemed, though at a great inconvenience, and even when inadvertently made. The child's moral habit is of infinitely more consequence than any such consequence can be to the parent.'

Reading the Will.—The will of a rich gentleman was opened at a hotel at the West end, one day last week. Each party looked 'unutterable things' when the reader, after the usual opening, began as follows:

'I leave to my dear friend, Col. G., ten thousand pounds, three per cent; and to my esteemed cousin, George W., the like sum, and in consideration of the uniform kindness of my nephews and nieces, I leave them each, &c. &c., with the usual bequests to executors, servants, funeral expenses, &c. &c., in the whole, a long string of legacies with the eternal good wishes of the deceased. Signed, sealed, and delivered by me in the presence of, &c. &c.'

All parties would have been satisfied had it finished thus! but the reader started, and with a look of surprise, (for he was included in the donations) said 'here is a codicil!—and with a sigh, the sincerity of which could consequently not be doubted, he read aloud that which his eye had hastily scanned:—

'Codicil: if I had died possessed of all the wealth herein stated, I should have left it to these my dear and valued friends. But I have been imprudent, and since making this my will, I have lost twice the sum therein set down, and, perhaps, have not more to leave than may be required to bury me; my dear and kind friends must therefore take the will for the deed!'

Wise and Cushing.—It is said that on the adjournment of the House of Representatives, and when nearly all the members had left the Hall, Wise and Cushing were discovered in a corner by themselves, rummaging, doubtless, on the disgraceful position in which they were placed. It was a sorry sight. But such is the fate of traitors—despised by men of all parties, and deprived even of the wages of their treachery. Arnold was spurned by the very men who profited by his treason, and died miserably. Burr, whether guilty or not of the charges made against him, roamed through the world like a troubled spirit, seeking rest and finding none. After living for years in the garrets of Paris, he returned to the country, of which he had once been Vice President, in disguise, and when known, was known only to be shunned.

What the fates may have in store for John Tyler and the five apostates who grovel at his chariot wheels, time alone can disclose. They may sink below contempt, or else become even more infamous than they now are. That they should ever require the support of any party however small or unprincipled, is impossible. There is honor even among thieves, and no band of robbers could subsist were its members possessed of so little principle as the traitors to whom we refer.

James D. Watson has been appointed Postmaster at Albany in the place of General Solomon Van

A SPLENDID STEAMER.

A new steamboat, called the *Esquire*, will be put upon the Hudson, between this city and Albany, at the opening of navigation, which will be, beyond all doubt, the largest and finest boat upon the American waters. She is built by the 'Troy and New York Steamboat Company,' and intends to make the passage both ways in twenty-four hours. Of course she is fitted up for both a day and night boat. Her length is 330 feet; her breadth of beam 30 feet, and her extreme breadth 63 feet. The depth of her hold is 10 feet, her barthen one thousand four hundred tons, and she will draw, when complete for sailing, only four feet and six inches water. Her engines are placed upon each side of the boat, thus leaving an unbroken range of cabins, three hundred feet in length. The Ladies' Saloon, on the main deck, is eighty feet in length, leaving the remainder full two hundred and fifty feet. On her promenade deck she has two tiers of state rooms two hundred feet in length with a hall in the centre thirteen feet in width. She will be able easily to accommodate six hundred passengers with berths.—The diameter of her wheels is thirty-three feet with twelve and a half feet face of buckets, and twenty-eight inches dip. She has four boilers, each eighteen feet in length and nine and a half in width, with double return flues, arranged in such a manner as to use one or the whole, as the case may require. The weight of her boilers is one hundred and forty thousand pounds. She has also two engines, of which the cylinders are fourteen inches in diameter, with fourteen inches stroke of piston, driving eight blowers, one to each furnace. These blowers are constructed so that their whole force may be applied to one or more of the furnaces. The *Esquire* will be commanded by Capt. S. R. Roe, formerly of the *De Witt Clinton*, and known to the whole traveling public as one of the most gentlemanly and accomplished commanders in the steamboat service. She will be fitted up in the most magnificent style, and will be completed at an expense of \$120,000. She will be furnished with careful and experienced pilots, and will, beyond doubt, receive, as she will most certainly deserve, the most abundant patronage of the traveling public.
N. Y. Tribune.

REVOLTING MURDER.—The New Orleans Picayune contains an account of a most horrible murder, which seems too outrageous to have been perpetrated by any human being. A man named Stewart, at Cypress Bend, Arkansas, being robbed of a negro, as he supposed, by a wood-chopper, swore that 'his dogs' should eat the first wood-chopper that ventured upon his ground.' Soon after one called and requested a night's lodging, which Stewart granted; and, barring the doors, let in upon him a number of young dogs, which, however, the stranger kept at bay. Stewart then turned in a number of full grown dogs; and finding that they, too, were foiled in the attack, he got a gun and shot the man, leaving his corpse there to be devoured by the dogs. Stewart instantly fled, and a reward of \$1,000 was offered by the Governor for his apprehension.

John Porter, nephew of the Governor of Pennsylvania, is on trial in Philadelphia, for the larceny of money and goods to the amount of about \$1,000, from his employers, the Messrs. Warnock. The crime appears to be fully proved upon the young reprobate, a good deal of the property being found upon one Mary Sheets, a female residing in a house of ill-fame. Mr. Warnock, one of the witnesses, informed the jury upon his examination, that he had been offered \$1,000 to keep the matter from the public, 'as the young man might possibly obtain a situation in the Sheriff's Office.' The correspondent of the Tribune says: 'Pardon, I presume, is already prepared.' These Porters really seem to be a very interesting family.

Virginia.—A revolution is evidently coming in this state, and the old worn-out order of things must ere long give way to the march of improvement.—The aristocratic and slave holding interests of eastern Virginia are continually losing ground, while those of western Virginia are steadily gaining.—Last week, in her legislature, the question was taken on a bill to take the sense of the people as to the propriety of calling a state convention to amend the constitution, so that the representatives shall be based upon the white population only. It was lost by a vote of 67 to 55. In a year or two more the minority will have the control, and then the reign of the rotten aristocracy will be at an end.
In less than twenty years, if not in ten, Virginia must and will abolish slavery, unless the intense and mad movements of indiscreet abolitionists prevent it.—Poughkeepsie Eagle.

EDGE TOOLS FOR CHILDREN.—A little son of E. A. Dudley, Esq., of Fayette county, Ky., about 4 years, fell upon an open knife on Monday week, which penetrated above the ball of the eye the full length of the blade, an inch and a half. The little fellow being unable to draw it out, walked very comely to his mother in another room, whose feelings may be imagined. Failing in her efforts to extract it, a neighbor after a second trial, succeeded in drawing it out, the brave little soldier bearing it with perfect quiet and coolness. Serious consequences were apprehended but at the last accounts the child was doing well, and strong hopes were entertained of its recovery without injury to the eye.—Boston Mail.

NAUVOO ABOLISHED.—In the Ill. legislature, on the 25th ult., the Senate repealed the law creating the Nauvoo Legion military corps. They also repealed the charter of the Mormon city of Nauvoo. The vote in favor of the latter was 23 to 11. Members of the Senate were very free in their expressions of disgust at Mormonism.—Boston Post.

GREAT FEAR IN PROPERTY.—The property of the Brunswick Manufacturing Co. including the Mills, Water Power, and dwelling houses, which originally cost \$193,000 was sold at auction, on Wednesday, by Whitwell, Sever & Co. Boston, for \$33,400; loss to some persons \$156,600.

DRAWY.—The Loco Foco Moderator of the town-meeting in Westfield last week, Hon. Mathew Ives, announced the result of the balloting for Selectmen, in the following manner: 'Gentlemen we have counted the votes and our ticket is elected.'

Hon. R. M. T. Hunter has been writing a Life of John C. Calhoun, which has been published by the Harpers in a large and cheap octavo pamphlet of 74 pages. Price twelve and a half cents.

That 'time and tide wait for no man,' is proved by one James Holliston, who advertises in a Iowa paper, a Miss Mary Tyde, for a breach of promise, she having united herself to a young Doctor and agreeing to marry him in a twelve month.

It is stated that the destruction of Point Petre did not occupy two minutes. In that short space of time this beautiful city, the pride of the West Indies, was thrown down and swallowed by the remorseless earthquake.

SPANISH COIN.—The Banks in Boston have decided to receive the common Spanish Coins, nineteen and a half cents, at twelve and six cents, and to receive the gold coins at twelve and six cents, and to receive the silver coins at twelve and six cents.